

Good Morning

136

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Home Town News



STEADY—STEADY—OVER! HAW-HAW-HAWSER.

TAKE a look at that smile up JUST back with several ship-mates from a prison camp there!

And if she's lost the ribbon in Germany is Engineer-Officer from her hair, remember she's Stanley Elliott, of Waterloo just been teaching grown-ups Gardens, Cardiff.

We're all glad about that just topped the 14-year-old is this:

Engineer-Officer Stanley Elliott told Lord Haw-Haw where he got off. This is what happened.

At that age—and with that smile—Ann is the youngest yet to teach us how to straddle a horse.

Enter said William Joyce (alias Haw-Haw):

"Now, my man, tell me. Are you satisfied with your proven-der? You are obviously well fed, well tended. What have ponies and horses along the country lanes of Northumberland. Her prowess in the saddle is earning her a grand name. At two recent shows, held within a week of each other, she won four first prizes, one second prize, and a third, all for leaping and riding display."

Her summer holiday from school is taken up in the stable, where she takes her part in grooming the horses, cleaning the harness, and making everything tidy. In between times she gives lessons to young riders.

Since the manager of the stable joined the Services she has been operating in joint control with another lady. It's a hard job, for which she receives no pay. But her love for animals gives her the incentive to carry on.

During the school term she is up early each morning in time to visit the stables before going to school, and after doing her evening studies she is back at the stable again with her charges.

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British sailors: (Nothing was said.)

Haw-Haw: "Silence is consent. You are satisfied. Will you talk over the radio and tell your relatives so?"

British sailors: (More dead silence.)

Haw-Haw (to Engineer Officer Elliott): "You are from Cardiff, they tell me. I have many friends in Cardiff. I have often had drinks in the pubs."

Engineer-Officer Elliott: "You'll find a lot more friends over in Cardiff when you get there. They'll all be after your throat."

That's what happened in a German prison camp, with all the swear words left out.

PARACHUTIST'S PINK PILLS.

SHOULD you ever get stranded at St. Helens Junction, Lancs, waiting for trains, just go a few yards up the road, and you can find in a chemist's shop one of England's first parachutists.

During the school term she is up early each morning in time to visit the stables before going to school, and after doing her evening studies she is back at the stable again with her charges.

What's your verdict asks Stuart Martin in this week's Unsolved Crime MURDER—OR ACCIDENT? This child's train death baffled the "Yard"

RIGHT here, at the outset, let me say that I believe I know who killed little Willie Starchfield, who died by violence in a London suburban train on January 8th, 1914.

The murderer is dead. In his favour, let me say that he did not intend originally to kill. Maybe it was just as well he escaped the hangman's rope.

It is a remarkable fact that train murders have always proved the toughest job for detectives working on cases of homicide. Most of these cases just aren't solved. There was that of Mary Money, in the Merstham Tunnel, of which I have already written. There were the cases of Nurse Shore at Lewes, Miss Camp at Waterloo, Mrs. East of Kidbrooke, and others.

The reason for the difficulty of finding a clear solution arises mainly from the fact that it is difficult to tell just at what point the crime was committed and where the murderer vanished from the scene.

The death of little Willie Starchfield, five years of age, a girlish-looking boy with golden curls reaching to his shoulders, took place in a third-class compartment of a North London Railway coach. He had been strangled.

DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.

A fifteen-year-old errand boy had entered the compartment at Mildmay Park that day, soon after four o'clock. When the train started, the errand boy saw, with horror, a small human hand protruding from under the opposite seat. He bent down and saw the body of the child. But the errand boy was too petrified to examine the body; he got scared.

When the train stopped for a minute or so at Dalston the boy tried to attract the attention of a porter, but failed. At the next station, Haggerston, he could stand the strain no longer and got out and ran from the station.

But when he was in the street he recovered his nerve a bit, and ran back to the station and told the stationmaster what he had seen. The stationmaster telephoned to the next station, and there the train was held. The station staff made the discovery for themselves.

SCOTLAND YARD CALLED IN.

Chief Inspector William Gough, of Scotland Yard, was notified, and took charge of the investigation. He soon established the dead child's identity as Willie Starchfield, who lived with his mother in a house in Hampstead Road. The boy's father, John Starchfield, was interviewed.

He was at his pitch at intervals separated from his wife, and was a newspaper seller with a pitch in Tottenham Court Road.

Mrs. Starchfield said she sent word to tell the police that he had seen Willie with a man at

He will make you up a reviver for a hangover or mix days—by a 1s. 6d. feast! You a bottle of Lloyd George, or do any of the miracles that modern chemists do, without a fuss.

The quiet little man behind the counter is Captain Spencer, the famous balloonist of half a century ago whose balloon blew up in mid-air over London and then miraculously acted as a parachute to give him a delayed drop to safety. From mid-air to Mayfair! But planes and planned parachute drops came too late for Captain Spencer, to his definite regret.

16,000 NEW SOLES.

IF you live in Newport (Mon.) it's odds-on you've had your boots tapped by Mr. Arthur Frederick Bateman, of 116 Stow Hill. It's a six-to-one chance, anyway, because he has been repairing boots and shoes for 71 years, 45 of them in Newport. He's still at work at 80.

Taking one pair a day, he has already "tapped" more than 16,000 boots and shoes in the Monmouthshire town, where the population is just over 90,000.

He started boot-repairing in Bristol when he was nine. He is still at his bench at 8:30 a.m., and knocks off at seven o'clock.

1/6 WEDDING FEAST.

A WELSH bride solved the wedding breakfast problem I'm no scholar!"



Camden Town Station a few minutes before two o'clock.

A Mrs. Wood came forward, too, and said she saw a man with the boy in Kentish Town Road soon after one o'clock. The boy, she said, was eating currant cake, and she remembered the boy particularly because of

A POSSIBLE SOLUTION.

The solution of the crime, to my mind, lay, not so much on witnesses who had seen Starchfield and his boy, as on the railroad. It was string which Starchfield generally had about him.

FATHER ACCUSED.

Other people came forward, and John Starchfield was identified as the man who had been with the boy. He was arrested and charged with killing his son.

The domestic affairs of Starchfield revealed that he and his wife had often disagreed about who should have the boy. Starchfield wanted him. Mrs. Starchfield resented such an idea. The desire of Willie himself was to stay with his mother.

Starchfield, declaring his innocence, said that his boy was killed in revenge for an act he performed in 1912. This was an incident when an armed madman, an Armenian, drew a revolver in an hotel bar and started shooting, wounding a man and a woman.

Starchfield, who was outside the hotel selling his newspapers, heard the shots, and as the Armenian came out of the bar, still shooting, Starchfield tackled him, and with other help, overpowered the madman. For that act, Starchfield got a pension of £1 a week from the Carnegie Heroes Fund.

Starchfield declared that it was some friend of this Armenian who had taken revenge by murdering his boy Willie.

The witnesses for the prosecution in the murder trial of Starchfield did not measure up very well under cross-examination. One of the witnesses tried to commit suicide, and Mrs. Wood became somewhat confused when it came to identifying the child.

But it was the Judge who put the final touch to the prosecution's downfall. He criticised the actions of the coroner at the inquest in regard to depositions. "The procedure," said the Judge, "seems to me to be an entire mockery and an abuse of the duties entrusted to any coroner."

Thereupon his lordship suggested the withdrawal of the prosecution, and directed the jury to return a formal verdict of Not Guilty. John Starchfield walked out of court a free man.

A CLUE.

The day after the crime was discovered a detective, working along the railway line, found a piece of heavy twine of the kind used to tie up parcels of newspapers. This twine was found to fit into the groove exactly in the neck of the victim with his mother in a house in Hampstead Road. The father of the boy, John Starchfield, was interviewed. He was at his pitch at intervals during the day as usual; but a commercial traveller came for him.

Mrs. Starchfield said she sent word to tell the police that he had seen Willie with a man at the hotel selling his newspapers, heard the shots, and as the Armenian came out of the bar, still shooting, Starchfield tackled him, and with other help, overpowered the madman. For that act, Starchfield got a pension of £1 a week from the Carnegie Heroes Fund.

How could he stop them? He had the string in his pocket—he always carried string to tie up his bundle of newspapers—and he threw it round Willie's throat. But Willie was an ailing child. He died. Then Starchfield whipped out of the train, scared himself now, and back to his newspaper pitch.

John Starchfield died in St. Pancras Infirmary in 1916.

And that, I think, is the solution of the mystery that thrilled London in January, 1914. Chief Inspector Gough, who had more to do with the case than any man, agreed with it.

HEY! DON'T MIND ME

SAY S R O V E R



"I LIKE SOAP!"

Periscope Page
QUIZ
for today

- What is a Schipperke?
- Who wrote (a) "The Raven," (b) "Ravenshoe"?
- Which of the following is an "intruder" and why? Dr. Johnson, Kipling, Thomas Hardy, J. B. Priestley, Arnold Bennett, Samuel Pepys, Wilkie Collins.

4. What was the first light-ship to be placed in British waters?

5. Where is Pontoon?

6. What is a jeroboam?

7. What is meant by the word otiose?

8. Serpentine is used for—cooking, baiting snake traps, wearing on the head, church services?

9. Who wrote, "A man's a man for a' that"?

10. Who was Ann Parnick?

11. When were chimneys taxed in England?

12. What is a sophomore?

**Answers to Quiz
in No. 135**

1. The smallest pig in a litter.

2. (a) John Galsworthy, (b) R. L. Stevenson.

3. Folkestone is in Kent; the others are in Sussex.

4. A ten-cent piece, in U.S.A.

5. A fabulous island supposed to have existed in the Atlantic Ocean.

6. A violin made at Cremona, Italy.

7. Sickness following an overdose of drink.

8. Taunton.

9. One of Kipling's "Soldiers Three."

10. Carapace.

11. Charles II, in 1675.

12. St. Marylebone Cricket Club.

ALLIED PORTS

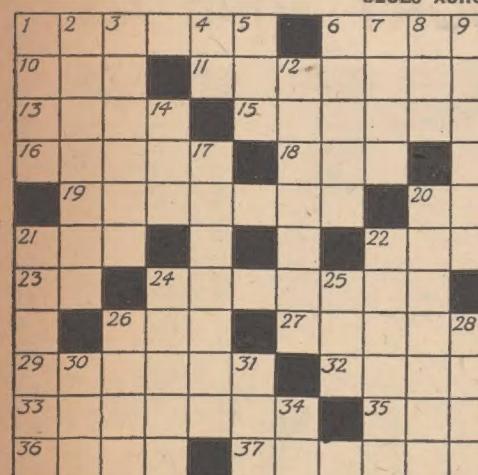
Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in COLLEGE, but not CADET, My second's in SHOULDER, not EPAULETTE, My third is in GREENWICH, not in CHELSEA, My fourth is in DARTMOUTH, not in SELSEY, My fifth is in DOG-FIGHT, not in MUZZLE, My last's in AMUSEMENT, yet not in PUZZLE.

(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



CLUES DOWN.

1. River fish. 2. Facsimile. 3. Be equivalent. 4. Cry of surprise. 5. Catch. 6. Shriek flutes. 7. Kind of collar. 8. Pull. 9. Piece of instruction. 12. Below. 14. Meshed fabric. 17. Dissolvable. 20. In the middle. 21. Ridiculous. 22. Conclusion. 24. Kid skin. 25. Purpose. 26. Talk. 28. Stitches. 30. Climbing plant. 31. Uninteresting. 34. Thus.

MUCCA SWANS
PROVEN GAP
SPODE UNITY
MEW NEBULA
ARDOUR RELY
S FEATS I
HALF SHELVES
LEADER EEL
SIDLE AWARD
PEG BELONG
ANENT LOSER

HOW I FIRST BECAME HYDE

Dr. JEKYLL & Mr. HYDE

By R. L. Stevenson

★ ★ ★

I WAS born in the year 18—, to a large fortune, endowed besides with excellent parts, inclined by nature to industry, fond of the respect of the wise and good among my fellow-men, and thus, as might have been supposed, with every guarantee of an honourable and distinguished future. And, indeed, the worst of my faults was a certain impatient gaiety of disposition, such as I found it hard to reconcile with my imperious desire to carry my head high and wear a more than commonly grave countenance before the public.

Hence it came about that I concealed my pleasure, and that when I reached years of reflection and began to look round me, and take stock of my progress and position in the world, I stood already committed to a profound duplicity of life.

Many a man would have even blazoned such irregularities as I was guilty of, but from the high views I had set before me I regarded and hid them with an almost morbid sense of shame.

I was driven to reflect deeply and inveterately on that hard law of life, which lies at the root of religion, and is one of the most plentiful springs of distress.

Though so profound a double-dealer, I was in no sense a hypocrite; both sides of me were in dead earnest; I was no more myself when I laid aside restraint and plunged in shame than when I laboured, in the eye of day, at the furtherance of knowledge or the relief of sorrow and suffering.

It chanced that the direction of my scientific studies, which led wholly towards the mystic and the transcendental, reacted and shed a strong light on this consciousness of the perennial war among my members.

With every day, and from both sides of my intelligence, the moral and the intellectual, I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth by whose partial discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two.

I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines; and I hazard the guess that man will be ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens.

It was on the moral side, and in my own person, that I learned to recognise the thorough and primitive duality of man; I saw that, of the two

natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically both; and from an early date I had learned to dwell with pleasure, as a beloved day-dream, on the thought of the separation of these elements.

If each, I told myself, could but be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust might go his way, delivered from the aspirations and remorse of his more upright twin, and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on his upward path, doing the good things

An idler is a watch that wants both hands, As useless if it goes as if it stands.

William Cowper

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.

Edward Gibbon.

in which he found his pleasure, and no longer exposed to disgrace and penitence by the hands of this extraneous evil.

It was the curse of mankind that these incongruous fagots were thus bound together—that in the agonised womb of consciousness these polar twins should be continuously struggling. How, then, were they dissociated?

I was so far in my reflections when, as I have said, a side light began to shine upon the subject from the laboratory table.

I began to perceive more deeply than it has ever yet been stated the trembling immateriality, the mistlike transience, of this seemingly so solid body in which we walk attired. Certain agents I found to have the power to shake and to pluck back that fleshly vestment, even as a wind might toss the curtains of a pavilion.

Enough, then, that I not only recognised my natural body from the mere aura and effulgence of certain of the powers that made up my spirit but managed to compound a drug by which these powers should be dethroned from their supremacy, and a second form and countenance substituted, none

the less natural to me because they were the expression, and bore the stamp, of lower elements in my soul.

I hesitated long before I put this theory to the test of practice. I knew well that I risked death. But the temptation of a discovery so singular and profound at last overcame the suggestions of alarm.

I had long since prepared my tincture; I purchased at once, from a firm of wholesale chemists, a large quantity of a particular salt, which I knew, from my experiments, to be the last ingredient required.

Late one accursed night I compounded the elements, watched them boil and smoke together in the glass, and when the ebullition had subsided, with a strong glow of courage, drank off the potion.

The most racking pangs succeeded: a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit that cannot be exceeded at the hour of birth or death.

Then these agonies began swiftly to subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new, and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet.

I felt younger, lighter, happier in body; within, I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a current of disordered sensual images running like a mill-race in my fancy, a solution of the bonds of obligation, an unknown but not an innocent freedom of the soul.

I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, sold a slave to my original evil; and the thought, in that moment, braced and delighted me like wine.

I stretched out my hands, exulting in the freshness of these sensations; and in the act I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature.

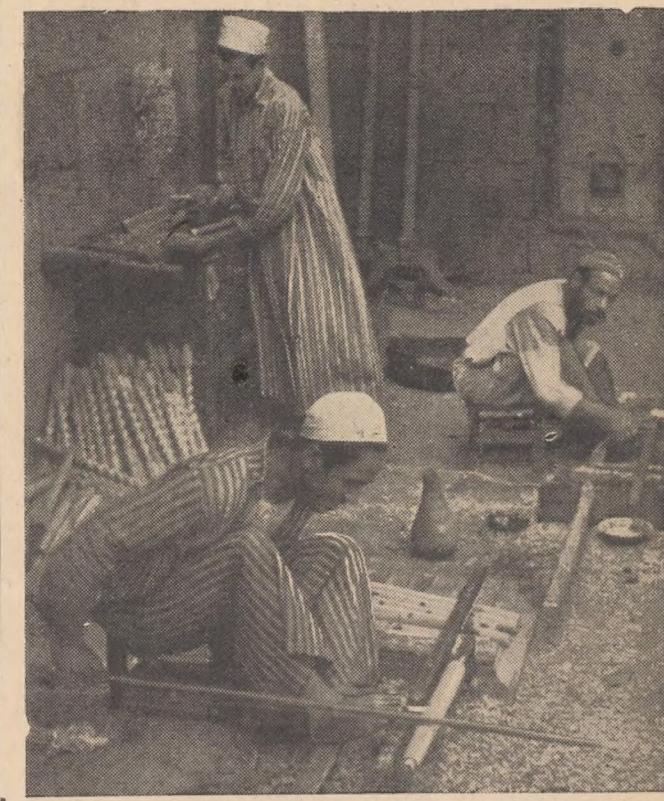
There was no mirror, at that date, in my room; that which stands beside me as I write was brought there later on, and for the very purpose of those transformations.

The night, however, was far gone into the morning—the morning, black as it was, was nearly ripe for the conception of the day—the inmates of my house were locked in the most rigorous hours of slumber; and I determined, flushed as I was with hope and triumph, to venture in my new shape as far as to my bedroom.

I crossed the yard, wherein the constellations looked down upon me. I could have thought,

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



WOOD ARTISTS OF OLD CAIRO.

It isn't what you see in the main streets of Cairo that reveal the ancient crafts of the Egyptians. It is what you find in the back-streets and courts. These men are operating wood-turning in much the same way as their forefathers did centuries ago. They can even turn table and chair legs and put a smooth round on a stick that compares with modern lathes and up-to-date workers.

WANGLING WORDS

98

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after RONGE, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of SO I HEARD, to make a country in Africa.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: PLUM into TART, DOTS into DASH, REAL into FAKE, ALE into CAN.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from DELIGHTED?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 97

1. ESTATES.

2. PALESTINE.

3. CHEAP, CHEAT, CHEST, CREST, CRUST, CRUSE, CRUDE, PRUDE, PRIDE, PRICE.

FISH, FIST, FAST, WAST, WAIT, BAIT, SEVEN, SEVER, LEVER, LOVER, ROVER, ROVES, ROLES, POLES, BOLES, BOLTS, BELTS, BELLS.

FOX, FOE, DOE, DUE, CUE, CUR, FUR.

4. Mice, Mace, Came, This, Cate, Mist, Meat, Stem, Mite, Emit, Time, Ices, Mate, Hate, Sate, Teas, Chit, Chat, Team, Heat, etc.

Catch, Teach, Cheat, Chest, Steam, Meats, Mates, Chasm, Shame, Chase, Chime, Match, Mites, etc.

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together.

(a) HUSH, READ ON.

(b) O.H.M.S. GARMENT.

(Answers on Page 3)

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



What's Your Name?

Asks JOHN FLEETWOOD

IT is one of life's problems to-day, but a while back naming the baby was a simple matter. Later in life he would receive a nickname from none-too-polite friends.

If he grew tall and skinny, people called him Rattlebones, identified now as Rathbone.

A large head might earn him the title Lump-head, which to-day appears as Lumpett.

But William the Conqueror brought with him a census scheme. His Doomsday Book listed, along with 700 baronies, hundreds of doughty Englishmen with hastily acquired appellations, as the Messrs. Losewit, Blackin-themouthe, Halfnaked, Badneighbour, Gotobed.

Succeeding monarchs continued the census, and by the 15th century people in all but the remotest parts of the country had chosen or been given names.

HOW SURNAMES CAME.

For a century this method persisted, and a single community would bear the oddest possible assortment of designations—Styffchynn, Slanteback, Bunnyducke.

Later a need for surnames arose, and when no personal characteristic helped in their selection, names would be based on the occupation or the place of residence.

Stephen, living in the village of Oakley, would be known as Stephen of Oakley. John, by trade a mason, was called John the Mason; both names later becoming simply Stephen Oakley and John Mason.

Then there were the children to think of. Henry, son of John the Mason, would emerge as Henry the son of John the Mason, afterwards Henry Johnson. The advantage of preserving the family name had by this time been realised, and it became customary.

All sorts of associations helped in selecting suitable cognomens. A nickname the individual already held might suggest Little; an official might be called Steward; the profession of soldier would suggest, perhaps, Pikeman.

LONG AND SHORT.

The Puritans liked long, unwieldy, Scriptural titles. Fight the Good Fight White, Search the Scriptures Mabb, Weep Not Goliko, the Peace of God Skynnggle, and the top-liner, If Christ Had Not Died For You You Had Been Damned Barebones.

His less-pious, lazier-tongued associates called him Damned Barebones for short.

Gradually these outlandish names disappeared. Each generation dropped a letter or two, sometimes a whole syllable at a time. Hickcombottomme, for instance, preserves only a fraction of the original in the much simpler Hickie.

A name with an embarrassing significance, such as Foulfoot, which its owner wished to change, for political or business reasons, was often dropped altogether for the commonplace Brown or Smith.

This explains why people with the more complicated or aristocratic names usually find it easier to trace their origins than do the Smiths, and Browns and Joneses.

If you are known by one of the simpler designations, there's no need to wish you could change it. The chances are it originally bore no resemblance at all to its present form. It may well have been Glendenning, Prothero, Cunningham, or indeed any other fine-feathered cognomen of which you may prefer the sound.

Argue this out for yourselves

BRITISH SEAMEN.

THE first lesson to be drawn from the past is that if we want British shipping to maintain its position in the world and furnish a good life and good living to British seamen, we must abolish wars and slumps.

Noel Baker (Parl. Sec., Min. of War Transport).

* * * * *

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

THE Church is now growing faster than ever before. We have really got evidence of a power in the Christian Church to overlap barriers and create fellowship in spite of all the separating forces—even the separation of war.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Solution to Allied Ports.
LONDON.

Answers to Mixed Doubles
(a) HARE & HOUNDS.
(b) HAMMER & TONGS.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

RAIL-LERY



"O.K., you young monkey. I can wait I'll see you 'hang' before I give up the chase."

"I told yer, yer'd smash the thing if you drove. NOW look what yer've done."

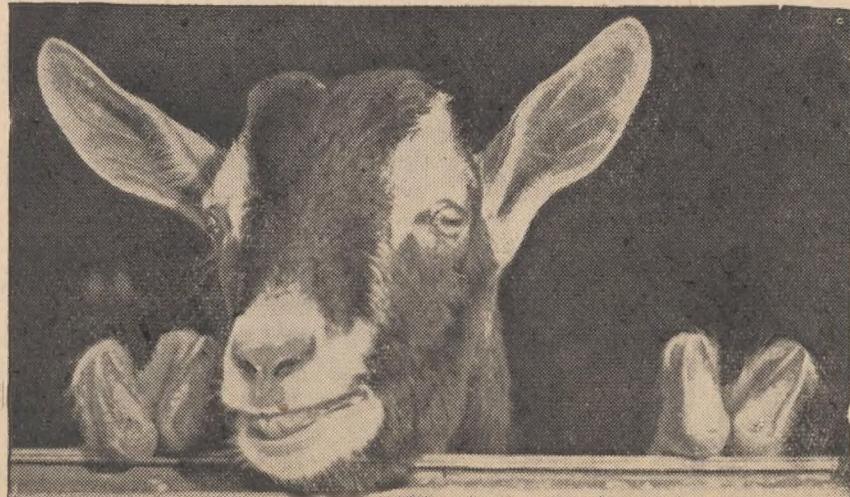
"Oh, shut up you big stiff. I'll fix it. If we're going to be racing drivers we must expect this sort of thing. Give me a mechanical problem every time."



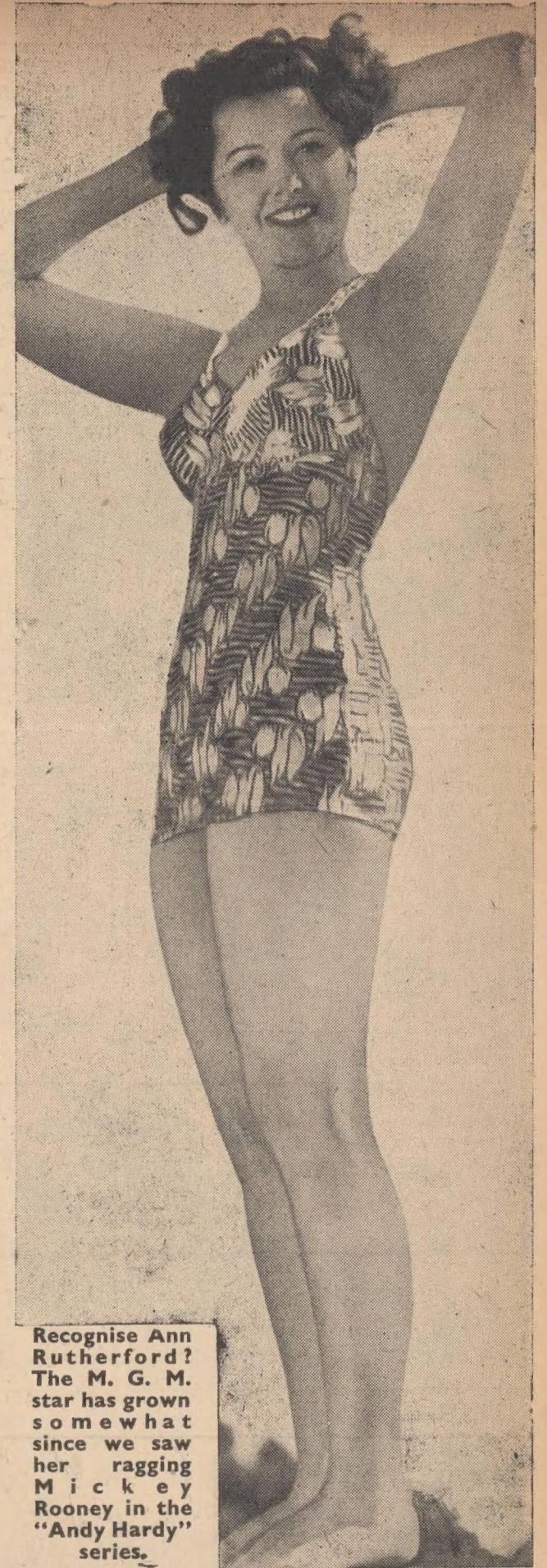
This England



Early morning at St. Ives, Cornwall. Looks as though the hungry gulls have discovered a breakfast morsel.



"Hear you want a mascot. I may not produce milk for you, and I may, but anyway, I've a wonderful pair of ears which might help you in your soundings."



Recognise Ann Rutherford? The M. G. M. star has grown somewhat since we saw her ragging Mickey Rooney in the "Andy Hardy" series.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"You get my goat."

